

OLD CHINA.

My china makes my old room bright—
On table, shelf and chiffonier,
Sèvres, Oriental, blue and white,
Lords, Worcester, Derby—all are here.

The Stafford figures, quaint and grim,
The Chelsea shepherdesses, each
Has its own tale—in twilight dim
My heart can hear their old world speech.

That tea-cup touched two lovers' hands,
When Lady Betty poured the tea;
That jar came from far Mongol lands
To hold Dorinda's pot-pourri.

My china breathes of days, not hours,
Of patches, powder, belle and beau,
I am-dia, secrets, yew-tree bowers,
O And the romance of long ago.

THE FATAL PROPHECY.

"I wish you would try to discover what this prophecy is which seems to give your friend, Melville, the blues. Indeed he has lost much of his old-time vivacity within the last few days. I don't believe in family legends, you know, Mr. Herndon, and I am pained to see Melville Blauvelt, the gentleman that he is, under what he calls the shadow of portending evil."

These words to me from the lips of Therese Thane fell upon my ears in the spacious garden to which we had retired from the heat of the ball-room, and while she talked she pulled a yellow rose to pieces and was scattering the fragments over a bed of violets.

Therese was beautiful, but no one loved her. She had come from the far South, with the hot blood of the tropics in her veins and with eyes aglow with the passion which ebbs and flows under the luscious limes.

It was said, no one knew by whom, that her father was a Cuban insurrectionist who had fallen before a file of Spanish soldiers; but this, if true, did not particularly prejudice us against her. One of those dastard letters without a name had spread abroad a rumor to the effect that Therese was a mere adventuress, and with the report fairly awing there were many ready to believe all that was said.

I had heard nothing of my friend Blauvelt's despondency previous to my ball-room companion's words. In fact, I had not seen Melville for several weeks owing to my absence, and when I expressed astonishment at Therese's information she repeated her request with emphasis.

We went home together that night, Blauvelt and I. More than once on the way I approached the delicate subject in my thoughts, but as often I refrained from questioning him.

"I want you to go to my room before we separate," suddenly said he, looking sharply at me. "I have found something which unaccountably affects me. There don't ask any questions, Claude. Let me tell you all."

Once in his room Blauvelt opened the drawer of a dressing-case and took out a piece of parchment-like paper, which he handed to me without a word.

"Read for yourself," said he, in reply to the mute questioning of my eyes. "Yes, it is a will and a curse. And it affects my very existence."

I opened the old document and glanced at the broadly written name at the beginning:

IGNACIO MENENDEZ,

HIS WILL AND HIS CURSE.

Blauvelt, who had discarded his coat for the night was warm, leaned against the mantel and a ghastly whiteness enthroned on his handsome face. I read:

In the Sacred Presence, I, Ignacio Menendez, make this, my last will. I bequeath to the children of my chief enemy, the American Captain Blauvelt, the curse of my house. I have been reduced to wretchedness by the machinations of this man, and solely because I won the love of Inez de Castro. I bequeath to his descendants eternal ruin through my blood. My daughter will marry; she will have children. These will marry in time, keeping in beat the hot tropical blood of my revenge. Several generations will pass away, but the descendant of Captain Blauvelt who shall love my blood kin shall receive the benefit of this curse. Done on the ship Isabella, the last of my possessions, this the 9th day of June, 1709.

IGNACIO MENENDEZ.

I looked up at Blauvelt and smiled. "The statute of limitations operates against that foolish curse," said I. "The house of Menendez may have been blotted from existence years ago. Is this the thing which has rendered you despondent?"

Blauvelt came forward and took the paper from my hand.

"This has pierced me like a sword," answered he. "I am the only living descendant of the Captain Blauvelt mentioned in the Spaniard's will. I love, madly love, the only person in whose veins flows the blood of Menendez. The curse has blighted my whole life. What did he say to you to-night? Anything about the curse?"

"To whom do you refer?" cried I, forgetting in the excitement of the moment my interview among the flowers with Therese.

"Where is your head, Claude?" He had my arm in his hand and his grip was vice-like in its intensity. "I can mean but one woman—Therese!"

I was speedily conscious that my look had become a stare.

"Where did you find this document?" I asked, holding up the old paper.

"It crossed my path like a serpent of evil. My father died twenty years ago, leaving among certain papers the one you have just read. I found it by the merest accident, but I see in it the hand of fate coming out of the past to blight the love and the life of the descendant of Captain Paul Blauvelt."

"But Therese? Are you sure—"

I was interrupted by the lifting of a hand.

"She is the right person," con-

tinued my friend. "It is true that her father was shot to death in Cuba by Spanish soldiers, but the rumor that she is an adventuress is an infamous lie! I was drawn to her from the first moment of our acquaintance—drawn into the meshes of love by the hand of the dead. Any one can see that the blood of the tropics is in Therese's veins. What does Ignacio Menendez say about that same red tide in his accursed document? I wish to heaven I had perished in the charge at Malvera or on the field at Antietam! Therese knows something of her ancestry, but nothing of the existence of the Spaniard's curse. As fate would have it, the night after my discovery of the old paper she told me much about herself. She traced her blood back to the fountain head, and there sat Ignacio Menendez writing his will in the cabin of a vessel of the last century. Not a link of the chain is missing. After the lapse of nearly a century a beautiful woman comes up to avenge the wrongs of her ancestor on the head of his enemy's heir. You smile, Claude. There is a look of contempt in your eyes."

I threw the will and curse of the Spaniard on the table.

"You are right! I don't believe in work of that kind!" I laughed. "The bequeathed plagues of the dead are nothing and I wouldn't give a fig for the curse of Menendez. Tropic blood is warm, Melville. Is a woman like Therese to be thrown aside for a bit of yellow paper covered with curses by a madman of whose history we know nothing?"

A sudden change came over Blauvelt's face. Cold came drifting back to his cheeks; he picked up the paper and held it out with a hand at each side.

"By Jove! you're worth your weight in gold, Herndon!" he exclaimed. "I can't give Therese up because of this relic of a century which has gone into the past with its loves and hates. Let us defy the curse of my ancestor's enemy. I shall invite its fulfillment by taking to my heart the queen of the tropics—the last of the race of Menendez."

The following moment the little room resounded with the noise of torn parchment and I saw Blauvelt's eyes flashing with triumph between the severed curse which he held in his hands.

It was a pleasant report which I bore to Therese the day after my interview with my friend.

I thought myself at liberty to tell her all I knew concerning Blauvelt's despondency. She listened with the most intense interest to the last word and I saw her lips set with a resolution that foreshadowed her reply:

"I believe it is all true. I am the Spaniard's legatee. The blood of the tropics is in my veins. The last Blauvelt has found the only Menendez. Some people would call this fate. I call it nothing of the kind. But tell him that if he fears the curse—if he dreads a union with tropic blood—our hands shall fall apart and I will leave him to wed another."

I guessed Blauvelt's answer before I heard its opening syllable.

He had thrown the curse to the winds!

Just five years later almost to the very day I was being driven over a magnolia-shaded road in a Southern carriage which had been sent for me to a country depot.

The air was laden with almost suffocating perfume, and as we turned into the magnificent plantation I burst forth into an enthusiastic estimate of the scene.

"Wait till you see Massa Blauvelt an' his wife," ejaculated my sable Jehu, a relic of the days 'befo de wah.' "Deys am de happiest couple on de globe what hav' hab five years' hon-ey-moon, an' it like hit's goin' to las' all de time."

Thus prepared to meet my old friend Blauvelt and the lovely Therese, I was driven up to a modernized plantation home.

A moment later I noticed the figure that awaited me at the gate, but at almost the same time I saw that not a vestige of color clung to Blauvelt's cheeks.

His greeting was a silent pressure of the hand, and I went up a flight of broad stone steps into a darkened parlor.

As Blauvelt's hand drew a curtain aside and let in a flood of sunlight, he pointed to a piece of paper lying on a center table among a lot of books.

I picked it up and after one glance let it fall again, as I fixed my eyes on the statue-like man at the window.

In three lines Therese had forever blighted a man's life, for she had coolly told Blauvelt with her own hand that she had gone with his bitterest foe.

"What of the prophecy now, Claude?" said he coming forward with a sinister smile at his lips. "From the bottom of my heart I forgive the guilty woman. She was the last of the Menendez, and I am the last Blauvelt. We have been happy here, and all would have been well to the end if she had not been cursed with the blood of the tropics!"

Once a year I go up over the magnolia road. I find a man waiting for me at the stone gateway, and when he has led me into the grand old house of his shaping, he points to a bit of paper lying on a table and murmurs:

"Not her fault, Claude. It was tropic blood!"

Too Civil.

Scotch maidens are often exceedingly scrupulous in regard to their deportment, but there was one who believed the rule of good behavior might be drawn too strict. On her marriage day her lover said, alluding to the fact that during their courtship he never had kissed her:

"Weel, Jenny, hav'ent I been uncoveeril?"

"Oo ay, mon, senselessly coevil," was her answer.

THE COMING OF THE MONSOON.

How Its Appearance Changes the Face of Nature in India.

"Let me try," says an Indian correspondent, "to give a pen picture of the end of an India summer and the beginning of the period when the monsoon rains descend. Day after day the sun pours down withering heat, the air is sick with it, the ground is as hard as iron and gaps in great cracks as though open-mouthed, pleading to the pitiless sky for a drop of water; the wide expanse of country that a few months past was green and flower-besprinkled is brown, the grass is crisped with a fierce heat and falling to powder if rubbed; the trees, mostly evergreens, are parched and dusty, no breath of air rustles through, no leaf stirs. They resemble great toy trees with leaves of painted wood. There is no sound of life anywhere; the noisy green parrots are silent and hide from the sun in the heart of the densest and leafiest top."

"You may, perhaps, see a crow or mynah sit solitarily on a bow, with drooping wing and gaping beak, helpless in this great purgatory of fire."

"The monsoon, the monsoon—will it never come?" you ask as you toss half naked on your bed, worried by prickly heat and insects which shall be nameless, not the worst of which is the persistent, blood-sucking mosquito. Heat apoplexy has, perhaps, prostrated one or two of your friends, and a second in the open air unheeded would be certain death. "Will the monsoon never come?"

"Every evening the sun drops down in the west like a great ball of fire, but leaves the heat behind him. Morning dawns and the sun sets to blowing his heat furnace strong as ever; the sky is once more a great dome of burnished brass. The monsoon at last blows his warning trumpet and the sighing of the wind to the far-away horizon calls you out from your bed to the veranda."

"Ha! here comes the monsoon. Away on the western horizon a great black cloud wave surges up toward the zenith, blotting out the burnished sky in its progress just as though you poured ink slowly into a brass bowl. Behind this black wave and moving with it is a great dense ebon mass out every instant by forked lightning and bellowing, deafening thunder. The quick-darting arrow tongues of flame flash everywhere, search the bellowing heavens throughout from top to bottom, throughout the whole cloud-packed dome."

"Now for a second, only for a second, the quick-flashing lightning ceases, and an inky blackness, the blackness of Erebus, succeeds, and the thunder bellows as Englishman in his sea-girl little isle never heard it bellow. It is no distant rumble gradually growing nearer and culminating in a resounding crack overhead. No; around, about, and just overhead the infernal din never ceases."

"Inside your bungalow the first advancing wind that heralded the monsoon carried with it clouds of blinding dust, which is now piled up an inch high on table and chair and shelf. And still the war of the elements goes on. You cannot hear your neighbor's voice, though he shout his utmost; the birds affrighted shriek in the thickets and the native servants huddle themselves together in dark corners for safety. The sky opens its flood-gates and rain in torrents pours down without intermission for eighty or ninety hours on the parched earth. Splash! splash! on the roof—not in showers, but in sheets. That is the monsoon."

How Red Hair Is Colored.

A well-known physician, who has made human hair a study for years, delivered an entertaining lecture on red hair.

"The great Italian painter, Titian," said he, "was so fond of red hair that he raved about it, and at one time is said to have offered to sell his soul to the devil provided his hair would turn red. This passion for red hair has raged fiercely since early times. About every eight years red hair comes in style, and the belles try to color their hair in conformity to the prevailing style. They often use poison, and that's where we come in. At one period in history, however, red hair was the subject for universal scoffing, and one old poet wrote of a girl who had tilted him:

"Malicious fame reports her hair was red,
That she smoothed it with a comb of lead."

The reason why red hair is red is because of the pigment accumulated in the cells of the medulla. In other words, there are sacs at the foot of each red hair filled with three or four distinct pigments, all of a reddish tint. I have taken certain specimens of very red human hair, treated them with twenty times their volume of water, and obtained as a result a very marked pink solution. That goes to show that all the hair is impregnated with the red stuff."—Philadelphia Record.

An Old Powder Can.

Children, while playing recently found the church at South Paris, Me., discovered a can of powder under the old edifice. From its appearance this can is supposed to have been under the church since 1774, when it was the custom of the colonial patriots to secrete their powder in and near meeting houses. In the year mentioned John Sullivan of Berwick, raised a company of men and going to Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth, N. H., captured 100 barrels of powder, part of which was concealed in the old church at Durham, Androscoggin county, and used the next year by the minute men at Lexington and Bunker Hill. It is thought that the can found at South Paris is part of the same lot that Captain Sullivan seized from the king's men 117 years ago.

THE ALLIANCE.

The Sentinel: A thing that ticks an old party editor or correspondent clear down to his toes is to write an article about the politics of a state that has at least 50,000 People's Party votes and say nothing about our party. The little trick fills him all up with 'great silent inward guffaws.'

The Democrat: During Cleveland's administration there were nearly \$5,000,000 of gold borrowed to pay interest on United States bonds, and Harrison threatens to veto any bill looking toward specie payments on these bonds. Yet the contract calls for coin payment, which means silver or gold.

People's Tribune: Why do the Democrats in the south and Republicans in the north and west grudge the People's Party and the Alliance their little political diversion? They agree it will not last long—only a summer shower. Let us be happy while we may, let us follow our sweet delusion and hope for better times, let us live in the belief that God is good, and does not countenance wrong. It does not harm them. I am glad we are to have their sympathy when we realize that all our props are vain, and that the great Demo-Republican party is to trample the producers under their feet forever.

Farmer's Age: Another trouble is that there are too many politicians within the Alliance who look more to their own preferment than to the order. If the Alliance is ever to accomplish anything in the black-belt it must first rid itself of those politicians who are using it as a means of advancement of their political fortunes. Every primary Alliance in the state should at once call a meeting of its members and give written notice to each member to be present and pay up his dues or be suspended. They should then appoint a committee of three good and true men to report upon and recommend the adoption of such measures as will forever rid the Alliance of all who are working only for selfish ends.

Farm Record: The people are gradually increasing in favor of their demands for the sub-treasury plan or something just as good, that will enable the farmer to receive a just recompense for his labor. A few would-be leaders, who desire to stand in with the politicians are trying to kick over the traces, but the people are not to be side-tracked by windy talk. The people are pushing, and if the men who are at the front don't keep in the middle of the road, let them drop out, but the procession still moves on. It is simply folly for any man, or set of men, to think they can turn the great tidal wave now just beginning to roll, from the object that has made its organization necessary.

Southern Alliance Farmer: With all fair-minded men, the political significance of the word plutocracy means simply to emphasize the fact that there does to-day exist in this country, not only an influential, but also a controlling class of rich men, who seek to manage particularly the financial system of the government in their own interest. Its political use is also a warning against a further combine between this class and the party machines of the country. The Alliance understands full well that, in form, the supreme power in this country is not lodged in the hands of the wealthy classes alone; that in theory, this is "a government of, by and for the people"—but that, practically, it falls far short of being such a government. This is mainly true because the people have abdicated their sovereign right to govern.

The Who: The people of the United States issued \$2,000,000,000 of paper money and built railroads with it in the place of the \$2,000,000,000 of gold that has been dug out of the mines they would have had at least 100,000 miles of equipped railroads and the \$2,000,000,000 in circulation instead of a few holes in the ground, 1,000,000 acres of the best land in America ruined and a paltry \$500,000,000 of gold left in this country and no government railroads. Why not correct this now? Let congress appropriate \$3,500,000,000 for building railroads and telegraphs and equipping them and other needed public works, buying such as are needed that are already built. This will afford \$50 per capita circulation and give the people transportation at cost. The country would have value received for their money, and the people would have money to build factories and give work to the unemployed.

The Union: It is the duty of the intelligent American citizen to fully investigate the conditions under which we live. To know of himself the causes which have brought about this great agitation which is shaking the foundations of the present so-called civilization. Call it evolution or revolution, as you please, the time is here when great changes are about to take place in the laws which govern nations, and the liberties of our people hang in the balance, and yet we hear men who claim to be brothers in an organization devoted to the advancement of the human race, an organization whose purpose is the study of the science of government, which is true political economy, proclaiming that they are Democrats or Republicans and have always been, with an air which seems to preclude the possibility of change, much less argument. They are blind followers of a name which has long since ceased to represent the common people or the true interests of the human race. Support your unions as you would defend your rights. If your demands are wrong, tell us why in our secret councils where we should seek the truth in brotherly love.

A FEW WHYS AND WHEREFORES.

So Long as We Are a Free People We Will Have Political Parties.

Hon. C. R. Collins of Florida, having been charged with communism because he advocated the Farmers' Alliance program, recently made a speech at Dade City, in which he said:

"What a pity that Mr. Adams, vice president of our Alliance, should be compelled to cut down his peach trees because the express companies persist in claiming the crop, yet all the while our fellow citizens in New York are burning with an intense desire for peaches. Sometimes I am not so sure that I'm glad I'm living. Maybe if I could go to sleep and wake up 100 years from now in Bellamy's Utopia, I would find all these matters arranged, but suppose I should wake up in the frowning presence of 'Caesar's Column,' might I not find things all disarranged?"

"If our government has become strong enough to reach up to the higher strata of air above the arid plains of Texas, and like a cloud-compelling Jove, force the rain to the earth, I think its mighty hand can grasp the innermost machinery of the great transportation lines and save brother Adam's peach trees from the destroying ax. If it can take my letter for the infinitesimal remuneration of two cents and deliver it to the dealer in Boston with the information that I have forwarded to him 100 boxes of oranges, why may it not carry those oranges with the same degree of 'celerity, certainty and security,' or compel the public carrier to do it at a reasonable compensation? Then why may it not take me to the 'Hub of the universe and center of culture,' where I have shipped my most aesthetic brand of fruit? Why? Because we are met with the appalling and soul terrifying statement that such action on the part of the government is contrary to all pre-established custom, and—now, be quiet, please; hush!—is un-Democratic. Let me just here, my brother Alliance man, lay down this proposition, viz: Whatever principle of economic government can be utilized for the benefit of the masses of the people is Democratic."

"When I speak of measures being Democratic I am not talking as a partisan. I would it were possible to eliminate from the discussion of these great economic questions all idea of partisan politics, and that the American people might come together and settle them strictly upon their merits, but that is an idle wish—an iridescent dream." So long as we are a free people so long will we have political parties, and to one or the other men will pin their faith.

"The Farmers' Alliance of America is not a political party, and yet its members are moved by questions of an economic nature, as they were never moved before. I declare to you here to-day that the order was founded in wisdom. It was the coming together of brave, patient, patriotic and plodding men, actuated by one common impulse—self protection. We saw our wealth slipping away from us as the receding tide leaves bare the sterile sands. We saw our social status going down in the scale until we whose fathers were princes in the land, are but toilers, toiling without hope. We saw our political influence a mere thing of plaster, to be molded at will by the cunning hand of the speculator and politician. We saw this government which we love becoming a temple for the in-dwelling of the children of fortune only, while we linger at the gate, glad to pick up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. We felt and still believe that upon our existence depends the weal of all mankind. We feed the world and the world should cherish us. There should be a community of interest, and each occupation should remember that it is but a factor in the sum of human progress."—New Nation.

A Call for Nationalistic Beef.

It strikes one as strange that we have seen little or no nationalist agitation of the meat question. The question of cheap coal would sink into insignificance by the side of the one of cheap meat. The best beef sells at retail in the West for 12 cents or less per pound, but here it is raised in price by the great meat combine to 28 and 30 cents per pound. The legitimate freight charges and cost of extra handling before it reaches the consumer in the East can be but a small part of this extraordinary advance in profits and immense profits go into the pockets of the millionaire "meat kings." Under similar conditions as the nationalists propose for coal the best steaks could be sold by the Eastern retailers from 15 to 18 cents per pound, and the retailers would be benefited as much as the consumers from the fact that they would sell double the quantity, as poor people could then afford to eat meat.—Weymouth Gazette.

Politics and Religion.

"When a man finds himself going down and down and down, without power to mend things, freezing, hungering and dying by inches, he's sure to get desperate. In the last week I've been an atheist, anarchist and devil. I've sat here and cried out there is no God except for the rich. I've said that if I could get down stairs I'd burn and kill. I've looked at my wife and children with murder in my heart!"

The above words were recently spoken to a reporter of the New York World by a sick tenant occupying a dingy room on the third floor of a miserable tenement house in New York city.

In strange contrast is the following item of news taken from another paper: "At a dinner recently given in New York to thirty-three persons the bill was \$6,500, or \$200 a plate."

What Alliance People Don't Want.

We do not wish to intrude on good nature, or to be troublesome in any way, but we are coming again, requesting your attention just long enough to hear some of our wants.

We don't want our children or children's children to remain the serfs of syndicates, or family wealth to dictate terms of our existence or the policy of the government.

We don't want any more Hazard-ites.

We don't want any more bombastic buncombe.

We don't want any more tariff soup; it is too thin.

We don't want our government to rush with its money bags to the relief of Wall street gamblers.

We don't want our country grooved with financial rivulets all leading to New York to be gathered at the foot of Wall street.

We don't want contributions forced from all the people, and the benefits go into the pockets of a few.

We don't want special privileges granted to some and denied to others.

We don't want our government to loan \$100,000,000 to the Nicaragua Canal scheme for the purpose of hatching out a new brood of canal millionaires.

But we want freedom and the re-establishment of a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

We want an immediate return of the government to its proper functions. We want a refrigerator placed in our government incubator to stop it from hatching millionaire eggs.

We want the St. Louis and Ocala demands put in working shape.

These things we want, and these things we intend to have, and if neither one of the old parties will help us to get them, all we have got to say to them is good-bye, old parties, good-bye.—R. E. Lane in the Progressive Farmer.

Pinching to Make It Go Around.

At a recent meeting of the Rhode Island weavers, a distinguished and popular, conservative, economic writer addressed the hard struggling working men. During his remarks he sought to make them blindly and contentedly accept their lot by saying in honeyed tones: "Why, my dear friends, the production of this country only furnishes \$20 a head annually, and it is hard to make it go around. It is only by hard pinching and careful economy that we can make it do so."

While almost within gunshot of the speaker rose the palaces of America's millionaires at Newport where gigantic fortunes are annually squandered with lavish hands, where Mr. McAllister and his butterfly coterie of wealthy gourmands eat, drink and dance away the summer, and illustrate how these children of idleness and wealth have to "pinch and plan" to make their share of the \$200 go around, of which the distinguished conservative economist spoke. If the masses of our people were unable to read or write, if they had been accustomed to centuries of oppression, a policy so glaringly unjust and disingenuous might succeed for a time. But with conditions as they are, the persistent crying of peace when there is no peace, and attempting to juggle with facts, is more than foolish—it is criminal. One who does not regularly read the labor and agricultural press of the country is incapable of forming an intelligent idea of the nature or extent of the discontent at the present time.—R. O. Flower in the Arena.

The Weary Rich.

The "weary rich" are discussing through the magazines how to dispose of their money. Carnegie suggests that it is better to dispense charities while living. Gladstone proposes a rich man's corporation in which each binds himself to give away annually a certain portion of his income. There always will be room in the world for charity. To multiply provisions for free giving only increases the number of applicants. The gospel among both poor and rich will solve many a vexed problem. "Let him that stole steal no more." The man who steals coal to warm himself and children is not as bad as he who corners wheat and robs every man of a nickel on each sack of four. One steals contrary to statute, the other according to law. To carry on the present system of commerce, immense combinations of capital are necessary, and there must be men to control them, captains of industry. In 1896 Dinde Dispende, a London merchant, said to the Duke of Burgundy:

"Trade finds its way everywhere and rules the world." With how much more truth can it be said now, when the ends of the earth are brought together and trade knows no day, no night and in its transaction it outspends the stars in their course. It rules kings and cabinets and bids the churches obey its behests.—Farmers' Friend.

Hungarian Railroads.

In Hungary, under government ownership of railroads, the rates are so low that it costs only \$1.92 to travel a distance equal to that between Chicago and New York. A system of tickets somewhat like postage stamps has been adopted which travelers can use on all lines, and with which freight can also be prepaid. The saving is enormous, and the people get the full benefit of it. In this country the ticket freight and advertising agencies which competing railroad companies are employing cost over \$200,000,000 a year. The princely salaries and "pickings" of presidents, directors, contractors and a host of parasites amount to fully an equal, if not larger sum. Then comes the interest on stocks abundantly watered. For all this the people pay. It is safe to say that of the gross earnings over \$800,000,000 would be saved to the people by government ownership and operation of national highways.—The People.